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## MAY MEETING, 1882.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Thursday, the 11th instant, at 3 o'clock P. M.; the senior Vice-President, Dr. GEORGE E. ELLIS, in the chair.

The record of the previous meeting was read and accepted.

The Librarian read the monthly list of donors to the Library.

The Corresponding Secretary reported that Judge Morris, of Springfield, had accepted his election as a Resident Member.

The VICE-PRESIDENT then announced the death of a Resident Member, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, as follows:—

Many of us who meet in this Library to-day are doubtless recalling vividly the memory of the impressive scene here when, fifteen months ago, Mr. Emerson, appearing among us for the last time, read his characteristic paper upon Thomas Carlyle. It was the very hour in which the remains of that remarkable man were committed to his Scotch grave. There was much to give the occasion here a deep and tender interest. We could not but feel that it was the last utterance to which we should listen from our beloved and venerated associate, if not, as it proved to be, the last of his presence among us. So we listened greedily and fondly. The paper had been lying in manuscript more than thirty years, but it had kept its freshness and fidelity. The matter of it, its tone and utterance, were singularly suggestive. Not the least of the crowding reflections with which we listened was the puzzling wonder, to some of us, as to the tie of sympathy and warm personal attachment, of nearly half a century's continuance, between the serene and gentle spirit of our poet-philosopher and the stormy and aggressive spirit of Mr. Carlyle.

There are those immediately to follow me who, with acute and appreciative minds, in closeness of intercourse and sympathy with Mr. Emerson, will interpret to you the form and significance of his genius, the richness of his fine and rare endowments, and account to you for the admiring and loving estimate of his power and influence and world-wide fame in the lofty realms of thought, with insight and vision and revealings of the central mysteries of being. They must share largely in those rare gifts of his who undertake to be the

channel of them from him to others. For it is no secret, but a free confession, that the quality, methods, and fruits of his genius are so peculiar, unique, obscure, and remote from the appreciation of a large class of those of logical, argumentative, and prosaic minds, as to invest them with the ill-understood and the inexplicable. He was signally one of those, rare in our race, in the duality of our human elementary composition, in whom the dust of the ground contributed its least proportion, while the ethereal inspiration from above contributed the greatest.

The words which I would add, prompted as in keeping with this place and occasion, shall be in reminiscence of years long past. Those whose memories are clear and strong, and who forty-five years ago in their professional, literary, or social fellowships were intent upon all that quickened thought and converse in this peculiar centre of Boston and its neighborhoods, will recall with what can hardly be other than pensive retrospects the charms and fervors, the surprises, and perhaps the shocks, certainly the bewilderment and the apprehension, which signalled the announcement here of what was called Transcendentalism. Though the word was from the first wrongfully applied, there was an aptness in its use, as in keeping with the mistiness and cloudiness of the dispensation to which it was attached. The excitement here was adjusted to the size, the composition, the tone and spirit, and the unasimilated elements of this community. The movement had the quickening zest of mystery. It was long before those who were not a part of it could reach to any intelligible idea of what it might signify, or promise, or portend. There were a score, a hundred, persons craving to have explained to them what it all meant, to each one who seemed ready or able in volunteering to throw light upon it. And this intended light was often but an adumbration. Mr. Emerson gained nothing from his interpreters. Nor does he now. The key which they offered did not fit the wards of the lock. The vagueness of the oracle seemed to be deepened when repeated by any other lips than those which gave it first utterance. In most of the recent references in the newspapers and magazines to the opening of Mr. Emerson's career in high philosophy, emphatic statements are made as to the ridicule and satire and banter evoked by the first utterances of this transcendentalism. It is not impressed upon my memory that any of this triviality was ever spent upon Mr. Emerson himself. The modest, serene, unaggressive attitude, and personal phenomena of bearing and utterance which were so winningly

characteristic of his presence and speech, as he dropped the sparkles and nuggets of his fragmentary revelations, were his ample security against all such disrespect. The fun, as I remember, was spent upon the first circle of repeaters, and so-called disciples, a small but lively company of both sexes, who seemed to patent him as their oracle, as an inner fellowship who would be the medium between him and the unilluminated. Nor was it strange that explanations, or demonstrative and argumentative expositions of the Emersonian philosophy proffered by its interpreters did not open it clearly to inquirers, inasmuch as he himself assured us that it was not to be learned or tested by old-fashioned familiar methods. I know of but one piece from his pen now in print, and dating from the first year of his publicity, in which he appears, not in self-defence under challenge,—for he never did that,—but in attempted and baffled self-exposition. Nor have lines ever been written, by himself or by his interpreters, so apt, so characteristic, so exquisitely phrased and toned, so exhaustively descriptive of the style and spirit of his philosophy as those which I will quote.

The younger Henry Ware, whose colleague he had been during his brief pastorate of a church, disturbed by something in a discourse which Mr. Emerson, after leaving the pulpit, had delivered in Cambridge in 1838, had preached in the college chapel a sermon dealing in part with a position which had startled himself and others in his friend's address, and, in part, with a breeze of excitement which it had raised in a tinderish community. The sermon being printed, Mr. Ware sent a copy of it to Mr. Emerson, with a letter, which the latter says "was right manly and noble." The letter expressed a little disturbance, puzzle, and anxiety of mind, and put some questions hinting at desired explanations and arguments.

In reply Mr. Emerson interprets himself thus:—

"If the sermon assails any doctrines of mine,—perhaps I am not so quick to see it as writers generally,—certainly I did not feel any disposition to depart from my habitual contentment, that you should say your thought whilst I say mine. I believe I must tell you what I think of my new position. It strikes me very oddly that good and wise men at Cambridge and Boston should think of raising me into an object of criticism. I have always been—from my very incapacity of methodical writing—'a chartered libertine,' free to worship and free to rail, lucky when I could make myself understood, but never esteemed near enough to the institu-

tions and mind of society to deserve the notice of the masters of literature and religion. I have appreciated fully the advantages of my position, for I well know that there is no scholar less able or willing to be a polemic. I could not give accounts of myself if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the 'arguments' you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands. For I do not know what arguments mean, in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but, if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men. I do not even see that either of these questions admits of an answer. So that in the present droll posture of my affairs, when I see myself suddenly raised into the importance of a heretic, I am very uneasy when I advert to the supposed duties of such a personage, who is to make good his thesis against all comers. I certainly shall do no such thing. I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done, — glad when you speak my thoughts, and skipping the page that has nothing for me. I shall go on, just as before, seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see; and, I suppose, with the same fortune that has hitherto attended me, — the joy of finding that my abler and better brothers, who work with the sympathy of society, loving and beloved, do now and then unexpectedly confirm my perceptions, and find my nonsense is only their own thought in motley."

No one in comment, essay, or criticism upon Mr. Emerson has improved upon his own revealing of his philosophy of intuition, insight, eye, and thought, as distinguished from that of logic and argument. It needed some considerable lapse of time, with much wondering, questioning, and debating in this community, to clear the understanding, that the new and hopeful message brought to us was something like this, — that those who were overfed, or starved, or wearied with didactic, prosaic lessons of truth for life and conduct, through formal teaching, by reasoning, arguings, and provings, might turn to their own inner furnishings, to their thinkings as processes, not results, and to the free revealings and inspirings from without as interpreted from within.

But whatever was the baffling secret of Mr. Emerson's philosophy, there was no mystery save that to the charm and power of which we all love to yield ourselves, in the poise and repose of his placid spirit, in the grace and felicity of his utterance, in the crowding of sense and suggestiveness into his short, terse sentences, in his high reachings for all truth as its disciple, and in the persuasiveness with which he communi-

cated to others what was disclosed to him. He never answered to a challenge by apology or controversy.

At the conclusion of his address, Dr. ELLIS read the following letter from Judge Hoar:—

CONCORD, May 8, 1882.

MY DEAR DR. ELLIS,—I find that it will be out of my power to attend the meeting of the Historical Society on Thursday next, and I am sorry to lose the opportunity of hearing the tributes which its members will pay to the memory of Mr. Emerson, than whose name none more worthy of honor is found on its roll. His place in literature, as poet, philosopher, seer, and thinker, will find much more adequate statement than any which I could offer. But there are two things which the Proceedings of our Society may appropriately record concerning him, one of them likely to be lost sight of in the lustre of his later and more famous achievements, and the other of a quality so evanescent as to be preserved only by contemporary evidence and tradition.

The first relates to his address in September, 1835, at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Concord; which seems to me to contain the most complete and exquisite picture of the origin, history, and peculiar characteristics of a New England town that has ever been produced.

The second is his *power as an orator*, rare and peculiar, and in its way unequalled among our contemporaries. Many of us can recall instances of it, and there are several prominent in my recollection; but perhaps the most striking was his address at the Burns centennial, in Boston, on the 25th of January, 1859.

The company that he addressed was a queer mixture. First, there were the Burns club,—grave, critical, and long-headed Scotchmen, jealous of the fame of their countryman, and doubtful of the capacity to appreciate him in men of other blood. There were the scholars and poets of Boston and its neighborhood, and professors and undergraduates from Harvard College. Then there were state and city officials, aldermen and common councilmen, brokers and bank directors, ministers and deacons, doctors, lawyers, and “carnal self-seekers” of every grade.

I have had the good fortune to hear many of the chief orators of our time, among them Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Ogden Hoffman, S. S. Prentiss, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, some of the great preachers, and Webster, Everett, Choate, and Winthrop at their best. But I never witnessed such an effect of speech upon men as Mr. Emerson apparently then attained. It reached at once to his own definition of eloquence,—“a taking sovereign possession of the audience.” He had uttered but a few sentences before he seemed to have welded together the whole mass of discordant material and lifted them to the same

height of sympathy and passion. He excited them to smiles, to tears, to the wildest enthusiasm. His tribute to Burns is beautiful to read, perhaps the best which the occasion produced on either side of the ocean. But the clear articulation, the ringing emphasis, the musical modulation of tone and voice, the loftiness of bearing, and the radiance of his face, all made a part of the consummate charm. When he closed, the company could hardly tolerate any other speaker, though good ones were to follow.

I am confident that every one who was present on that evening would agree with me as to the splendor of that eloquence.

Very truly yours,

E. R. HOAR.

REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D.,

*Vice-President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.*

Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES then addressed the Society as follows:—

It is a privilege which any of us may claim, as we pass each of these last and newly raised mounds, to throw our pebble upon the cairn. For our own sakes we must be indulged in the gratification of paying our slender tribute. So soon, alas, after bidding farewell to our cherished poet to lose the earthly presence of the loftiest, the divinest of our thinkers! The language of eulogy seemed to have exhausted itself in celebrating him who was the darling of two English worlds, the singer of Acadian and Pilgrim and Indian story, of human affections and aspirations, of sweet, wholesome life from its lullaby to its requiem. And now we hardly know what measure to observe in our praises of him who was singularly averse to over-statement, who never listened approvingly to flattery when living, and whose memory asks only the white roses of truth for its funeral garlands.

The work of his life is before us all, and will have full justice done it by those who are worthy of the task and equal to its demands. But, as out of a score of photographs each gives us something of a friend's familiar face, though all taken together do not give us the whole of it, so each glimpse of reminiscence, each hint of momentary impression, may help to make a portrait which shall remind us of the original, though it is, at best, but an imperfect resemblance.

When a life so exceptional as that which has just left our earthly companionship appears in any group of our fellow-creatures, we naturally ask how such a well-recognized superiority came into being. We look for the reason of such

an existence among its antecedents, some of which we can reach, as, for instance, the characteristics of the race, the tribe, the family. The forces of innumerable generations are represented in the individual, more especially those of the last century or two. Involved with these, inextricable, insoluble, is the mystery of mysteries, the mechanism of personality. No such personality as this which was lately present with us is the outcome of cheap paternity and shallow motherhood.

I may seem to utter an Hibernian absurdity; I may recall a lively couplet which has often brought a smile at the expense of our good city; I may — I hope I shall not — offend the guardians of ancient formulæ, vigilant still as watch-dogs over the bones of their fleshless symbols, but I must be permitted to say that I believe the second birth may precede that which we consider as the first. The divine renovation which changes the half-human animal, the cave-dweller, the cannibal, into the servant of God, the friend, the benefactor, the lawgiver of his kind, may, I believe, be wrought in the race before it is incarnated in the individual. It may take many generations of chosen births to work the transformation, but what the old chemists called *cobobation* is not without its meaning for vital chemistry; life must pass through an alembic of gold or of silver many times before its current can possibly run quite clear.

A New Englander has a right to feel happy, if not proud, if he can quarter his coat-of-arms with the bands of an ancestry of clergymen. Eight generations of ministers preceded the advent of this prophet of our time. There is no better flint to strike fire from than the old nodule of Puritanism. Strike it against the steel of self-asserting civil freedom, and we get a flash and a flame such as showed our three-hilled town to the lovers of liberty all over the world. An ancestry of ministers, softened out of their old-world dogmas by the same influences which set free the colonies, is the true Brahminism of New England.

Children of the same parentage, as we well know, do not alike manifest the best qualities belonging to the race. But those of the two brothers of Ralph Waldo Emerson whom I can remember were of exceptional and superior natural endowments. Edward, next to him in order of birth, was of the highest promise, only one evidence of which was his standing at the head of his college class at graduation. I recall a tender and most impressive tribute of Mr. Everett's



to his memory, at one of our annual Phi Beta Kappa meetings. He spoke of the blow which had jarred the strings of his fine intellect and made them return a sound

“Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,”

in the saddened tones of that rich sonorous voice still thrilling in the ears of many whose hearing is dulled for all the music, all the eloquence of to-day.

Of Charles Chauncy, the youngest brother, I knew something in my college days. A beautiful, high-souled, pure, exquisitely delicate nature in a slight but finely wrought mortal frame, he was for me the very ideal of an embodied celestial intelligence. I may venture to mention a trivial circumstance, because it points to the character of his favorite reading, which was likely to be guided by the same tastes as his brother's, and may have been specially directed by him. Coming into my room one day, he took up a copy of Hazlitt's British Poets. He opened it to the poem of Andrew Marvell's, entitled “The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn,” which he read to me with delight irradiating his expressive features. The lines remained with me, or many of them, from that hour, —

“Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.”

I felt as many have felt after being with his brother, Ralph Waldo, that I had entertained an angel visitant. The Fawn of Marvell's imagination survives in my memory as the fitting image to recall this beautiful youth; a soul glowing like the rose of morning with enthusiasm, a character white as the lilies in its purity.

Such was the family nature lived out to its full development in Ralph Waldo Emerson. Add to this the special differentiating quality, indefinable as the tone of a voice, which we should know not the less, from that of every other of articulately speaking mortals, and we have the Emerson of our recollections.

A person who by force of natural gifts is entitled to be called a personage is always a surprise in the order of appearances, sometimes, as in the case of Shakespeare, of Goethe, a marvel, if not a miracle. The new phenomenon has to be studied like the young growth that sprang up between the stones in the story of Picciola. Is it a common weed, or a plant with virtues and beauties of its own? Is it a crypto-

gam that can never flower, or shall we wait and see it blossom by and by? Is it an endogen or an exogen, — did the seed it springs from drop from a neighboring bough, or was it wafted hither on the wings of the wind from some far-off shore?

Time taught us what to make of this human growth. It was not an annual or a biennial, but a perennial; not an herbaceous plant, but a towering tree; not an oak or an elm like those around it, but rather a lofty and spreading palm, which acclimated itself out of its latitude, as the little group of Southern magnolias has done in the woods of our northern county of Essex. For Emerson's was an Asiatic mind, drawing its sustenance partly from the hard soil of our New England, partly, too, from the air that has known Himalaya and the Ganges. So impressed with this character of his mind was Mr. Burlingame, as I saw him, after his return from his mission, that he said to me, in a freshet of hyperbole, which was the overflow of a channel with a thread of truth running in it, "There are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China."

What could we do with this unexpected, unprovided for, unclassified, half unwelcome new-comer, who had been for a while potted, as it were, in our Unitarian cold greenhouse, but had taken to growing so fast that he was lifting off its glass roof and letting in the hailstorms? Here was a protest that outflanked the extreme left of liberalism, yet so calm and serene that its radicalism had the accents of the gospel of peace. Here was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship.

The scribes and pharisees made light of his oracular sayings. The lawyers could not find the witnesses to subpoena and the documents to refer to when his case came before them, and turned him over to their wives and daughters. The ministers denounced his heresies, and handled his writings as if they were packages of dynamite, and the grandmothers were as much afraid of his new teachings as old Mrs. Piozzi was of geology. We had had revolutionary orators, reformers, martyrs; it was but a few years since Abner Kneeland had been sent to jail for expressing an opinion about the great First Cause; but we had had nothing like this man, with his seraphic voice and countenance, his choice vocabulary, his refined utterance, his gentle courage, which, with a different manner, might have been called audacity, his temperate statement of opinions which threat-

ened to shake the existing order of thought like an earthquake.

His peculiarities of style and of thinking became fertile parents of mannerisms, which were fair game for ridicule as they appeared in his imitators. For one who talks like Emerson or like Carlyle soon finds himself surrounded by a crowd of walking phonographs, who mechanically reproduce his mental and vocal accents. Emerson was before long talking in the midst of a babbling Simonetta of echoes, and not unnaturally was now and then himself a mark for the small shot of criticism. He had soon reached that height in the "cold thin atmosphere" of thought where

"Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark his distant flight to do him wrong."

I shall add a few words, of necessity almost epigrammatic, upon his work and character. He dealt with life, and life with him was not merely this particular air-breathing phase of being, but the spiritual existence which included it like a parenthesis between the two infinities. He wanted his daily draughts of oxygen like his neighbors, and was as thoroughly human as the plain people he mentions who had successively owned or thought they owned the house-lot on which he planted his hearthstone. But he was at home no less in the interstellar spaces outside of all the atmospheres. The semi-materialistic idealism of Milton was a gross and clumsy medium compared to the imponderable ether of "The Oversoul" and the unimaginable vacuum of "Brahma." He followed in the shining and daring track of the *Gravius homo* of Lucretius:—

"Vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra  
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi."

It always seemed to me as if he looked at this earth very much as a visitor from another planet would look upon it. He was interested, and to some extent curious about it, but it was not the first spheroid he had been acquainted with, by any means. I have amused myself with comparing his descriptions of natural objects with those of the Angel Raphael in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost*. Emerson talks of his titmouse as Raphael talks of his emmet. Angels and poets never deal with nature after the manner of those whom we call naturalists.

To judge of him as a thinker, Emerson should have been heard as a lecturer, for his manner was an illustration of his

way of thinking. He would lose his place just as his mind would drop its thought and pick up another, twentieth cousin or no relation at all to it. This went so far at times that one could hardly tell whether he was putting together a mosaic of colored fragments, or only turning a kaleidoscope where the pieces tumbled about as they best might. It was as if he had been looking in at a cosmic peep-show, and turning from it at brief intervals to tell us what he saw. But what fragments these colored sentences were, and what pictures they often placed before us, as if we too saw them! Never has this city known such audiences as he gathered; never was such an Olympian entertainment as that which he gave them.

It is very hard to speak of Mr. Emerson's poetry; not to do it injustice, still more to do it justice. It seems to me like the robe of a monarch patched by a New England housewife. The royal tint and stuff are unmistakable, but here and there the gray worsted from the darning-needle crosses and ekes out the Tyrian purple. Few poets who have written so little in verse have dropped so many of those "jewels five words long" which fall from their setting only to be more choicely treasured. *E pluribus unum* is hardly more familiar to our ears than "He builded better than he knew," and Keats's "thing of beauty" is little better known than Emerson's "beauty is its own excuse for being." One may not like to read Emerson's poetry because it is sometimes careless, almost as if carefully so, though never undignified even when slipshod; spotted with quaint archaisms and strange expressions that sound like the affectation of negligence, or with plain, homely phrases, such as the self-made scholar is always afraid of. But if one likes Emerson's poetry he will be sure to love it; if he loves it, its phrases will cling to him as hardly any others do. It may not be for the multitude, but it finds its place like pollen-dust and penetrates to the consciousness it is to fertilize and bring to flower and fruit.

I have known something of Emerson as a talker, not nearly so much as many others who can speak and write of him. It is unsafe to tell how a great thinker talks, for perhaps, like a city dealer with a village customer, he has not shown his best goods to the innocent reporter of his sayings. However that may be in this case, let me contrast in a single glance the momentary effect in conversation of the two neighbors, Hawthorne and Emerson. Speech seemed like a kind of travail to Hawthorne. One must harpoon him like a cetacean

with questions to make him talk at all. Then the words came from him at last, with bashful manifestations, like those of a young girl, almost,—words that gasped themselves forth, seeming to leave a great deal more behind them than they told, and died out, discontented with themselves, like the monologue of thunder in the sky, which always goes off mumbling and grumbling as if it had not said half it wanted to, and meant to, and ought to say.

Emerson was sparing of words, but used them with great precision and nicety. If he had been followed about by a short-hand writing Boswell, every sentence he ever uttered might have been preserved. To hear him talk was like watching one crossing a brook on stepping-stones. His noun had to wait for its verb or its adjective until he was ready; then his speech would come down upon the word he wanted, and not Worcester and Webster could better it from all the wealth of their huge vocabularies.

These are only slender rays of side-light on a personality which is interesting in every aspect and will be fully illustrated by those who knew him best. One glimpse of him as a listener may be worth recalling. He was always courteous and bland to a remarkable degree; his smile was the well-remembered line of Terence written out in living features. But when anything said specially interested him he would lean toward the speaker with a look never to be forgotten, his head stretched forward, his shoulders raised like the wings of an eagle, and his eye watching the flight of the thought which had attracted his attention as if it were his prey to be seized in mid-air and carried up to his eyry.

To sum up briefly what would, as it seems to me, be the text to be unfolded in his biography, he was a man of excellent common-sense, with a genius so uncommon that he seemed like an exotic transplanted from some angelic nursery. His character was so blameless, so beautiful, that it was rather a standard to judge others by than to find a place for on the scale of comparison. Looking at life with the profoundest sense of its infinite significance, he was yet a cheerful optimist, almost too hopeful, peeping into every cradle to see if it did not hold a babe with the halo of a new Messiah about it. He enriched the treasure house of literature, but, what was far more, he enlarged the boundaries of thought for the few that followed him, and the many who never knew, and do not know to-day, what hand it was which took down their prison walls. He was a preacher who taught that the religion of humanity included both those of Palestine, nor those

alone, and taught it with such consecrated lips that the narrowest bigot was ashamed to pray for him, as from a footstool nearer to the throne. "Hitch your wagon to a star"; this was his version of the divine lesson taught by that holy George Herbert whose words he loved. Give him whatever place belongs to him in our literature, in the literature of our language, of the world, but remember this: the end and aim of his being was to make truth lovely and manhood valorous, and to bring our daily life nearer and nearer to the eternal, immortal, invisible.

After the address of Dr. Holmes, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., spoke of his long acquaintance with Mr. Emerson, and read several interesting extracts from letters which he had received from him at an early period of his career. At the close of his remarks Dr. Clarke presented the following Resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote:—

*Resolved*, That this Society unites in the wide-spread expression of esteem, gratitude, and affectionate reverence paid to the memory of our late associate, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and recognizes the great influence exercised by his character and writings to elevate, purify, and quicken the thought of our time.

Dr. ELLIS then announced from the Council the appointment of Mr. James R. Lowell to prepare a Memoir of Mr. Longfellow; and of Mr. R. C. Winthrop, Jr., to prepare a Memoir of the Hon. John C. Gray, in place of Mr. Palfrey, who had been excused from that duty; also the appointment of Messrs. Chase and A. Lawrence as the Finance Committee for the year; and the Recording Secretary, with Messrs. Green and Smith, as the Committee to publish the Society's Proceedings.

Rear Admiral George H. Preble, U. S. N., and Clement Hugh Hill, Esq., A. M., were elected Resident Members.

Dr. O. W. HOLMES presented a deed of mortgage of a house in the Drapery at Northampton, England, dated Aug. 27, 1683, signed by Thomas Franklin (who is described in the instrument as "of Ecton, in the County of Northton, yeoman") and Samuel Allen (described as "of the town of Northton, painter"). This Thomas Franklin was an uncle of Benjamin Franklin. The deed came from Mr. Bellows, of Gloucester, England, author of the Miniature French Dictionary.

Professor CHARLES E. NORTON read the following extracts from letters which he had received about a year ago from the late Mr. Charles Darwin, containing interesting facts about the friendship existing between Franklin and Mr. Darwin's father:—

“DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT, April 30, 1881.

“I have thought that you might perhaps like to hear the following details about Franklin, whom all Americans justly reverence.

“My father, while very young, studied medicine in Paris, and he often saw Franklin, who was very kind to him, either on account of his father (Erasmus Darwin) or on his own account. My father always spoke of Franklin with the greatest reverence and even affection. In looking over some few memoranda in my father's handwriting I found one of which I enclose a copy. It is, however, of more interest with respect to Louis XVI. than to Franklin himself.

“I remember my father saying that one or two young men, nephews I think, were with Franklin at this time, and they were what would now be called rather flashy young men, and they seemed to be ashamed of Franklin for the simplicity of his appearance and manners. They often treated him with gross disrespect, which never seemed to ruffle Franklin in the least. On one occasion my father was quite shocked at their behavior; but when they left the room, Franklin said to my father with a smile, ‘Poor young men, they do not know what they are saying or how they are acting,’ or words to this effect. Pray forgive me if you do not care at all for these trifling anecdotes.

“*Dr. Franklin. Written by Dr. R. W. Darwin, Nov. 1, 1803.*

“In the spring and summer of the year 1785 I used to dine occasionally at the house of that great man at Passy, near Paris. On one of those days it was remarked that an edict the king had published in the morning respecting some regulation of provisions showed much humanity in his disposition. A gentleman present said that probably the king had neither heard of the scarcity nor of the edict. Dr. Franklin: ‘It is, I fear, too common in all absolute governments that the monarch is the last person who hears either of the oppressions or benefits dispensed in his name. That, however, is not the case in the present instance, for to my own personal knowledge the humane regulation in question proceeded from the king himself.’ After a pause he added, ‘Perhaps no sovereign born to reign ever felt so much for other men, or had more of the milk of human nature than Louis XVI.’”

“DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT, June 1, 1881.

“I write a line to thank you much for your letter, and to say that none of Franklin's letters to my grandfather have been preserved. Every scrap of information, manuscripts, &c., which are still extant, were sent to me by the grandchildren by his second marriage when I

was preparing my little notice of him. I was very inaccurate about Franklin's nephews (as I imagined them to be), but I hope that I said that I felt quite doubtful whether there was one or two, but am positive about their (or his) rudeness, and about Franklin's manner of taking it.

"I am ashamed to say that I never read Sparks's 'Life of Franklin,' and knew nothing about the letter of which you have so kindly sent me a copy.\* My father used to repeat the anecdote, which I presume has been published, of the Queen of France having said to him (when he came to court in plain clothes) that 'you not only teach the world wisdom, but you teach the court of France etiquette,' or something to like effect."

Colonel HENRY LEE spoke of a portrait at the State House said to be that of the Rev. Francis Higginson. After careful study, and comparison with another picture possessing similar claims, it is believed that the one at the State House is an original.

Dr. ELLIS remarked that before the time of Blackburn and Smibert there must have been a portrait painter in Boston, as is proved by the existence of several well-authenticated portraits.

Mr. SMITH, from the committee on memoirs of deceased Resident Members, communicated the following Memoir of Dr. T. W. Harris by his son, Mr. Edward D. Harris.

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\* Referring to the letter of Erasmus Darwin to Franklin, printed in Franklin's Works, vol. vi. p. 410. — Eds.



MEMOIR  
OF  
THADDEUS WILLIAM HARRIS, M.D.  
BY EDWARD D. HARRIS.

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IN the second volume of the Fourth Series of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society may be read a memoir of the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D.D., from the pen of his friend and associate, Dr. Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in many of their prominent traits than the clergyman of Dorchester and his as well-known son, Thaddeus William Harris, M.D., the subject of this notice.

Both were members of this Society, — the elder elected in 1792, the seventeenth on the list, retaining his association with the Society for half a century, when it terminated with his death ; — the younger elected in 1848, and dying in membership eight years afterward.

Both were men of untiring industry in their respective pursuits, of equal thoroughness, precision, and accuracy in their literary work. Each reached distinction in his chosen calling as much through the exercise of these qualities as from remarkable genius. The attentive reader of Dr. Frothingham's memoir of the elder man might wonder that such a father could beget such a son, but the mystery is explained when he learns from the same source the character of the mother. To her, by right of inheritance, the younger man owed many of the traits that were so widely different from others derived from the gentle, devout father whom he succeeded as the head of the family.

Thomas<sup>3</sup> Harris, the emigrant, and father of the line in this country, was born in Ottery Saint Mary, Devonshire, England, in 1637, the son of Thomas,<sup>2</sup> born there about 1606, and the grandson of John,<sup>1</sup> of Aylesbury and Ottery Saint Mary. He belonged to the Established Church at home, but soon after his arrival in Boston, about 1675, became a member

of the Old South Church. He left an only son, Benjamin,<sup>4</sup> whose only son, Cary,<sup>5</sup> left an only son, William,<sup>6</sup> whose only son was the Dorchester minister, the father of the subject of this sketch.

Thaddeus William Harris was born in Dorchester, Nov. 12, 1795, the eldest child of Thaddeus Mason Harris, by his wife, Mary (Dix).

He was fitted for college at Dedham and Bridgewater, at the latter place under the kindly care of the Rev. Dr. Zedekiah Sanger. He entered Harvard College in 1811, in his sixteenth year, graduating with his class in 1815. It is said of him that while in college he was timid and sensitive, rather a nervous and recluse youth; but it is probable that this reputation was due more to his habits of retirement than to timidity. Certainly, later in life this trait was not prominent in his character.

In the class of 1815 were graduated several who in after years became associated with Dr. Harris at Cambridge in the university, and with whom he enjoyed the privileges of frequent intercourse,—President Jared Sparks, Professors Convers Francis, John Gorham Palfrey, and Theophilus Parsons,—while the Revs. Richard M. Hodges and George G. Ingersoll were also residents of the same city. With one classmate, Mr. Charles Briggs, he was on terms of peculiar intimacy, and the warm friendship existing between them endured through many after years of their lives.

Immediately after graduation Mr. Harris commenced the study of medicine, received his medical degree from Harvard College in 1820, and commenced practice in the town of Milton, in connection with Dr. Amos Holbrook.

In 1824 he was married to Catherine, the youngest daughter of Dr. Holbrook, who still survives. He probably at that time, and until somewhat later, contemplated no departure from his profession. His elder associate, now his father-in-law, was one of the most eminent practitioners of his day. Harvard College had in 1813 conferred upon Dr. Holbrook the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine, and his widely known skill and strong personal attractions had brought to him a large and extended practice. To this Dr. Harris must have naturally looked forward to succeeding, but it appears that other influences were weighing with him which resulted before many years in his ultimate abandonment of the profession. During the preparation for his medical life he had paid some attention to the study of botany, and as early as 1819 we find him carrying on an animated discussion by letter with

Dr. Dow, of Dover, New Hampshire, on botanical and entomological questions in their relations with *Materia Medica*. This is the first recorded evidence of a decided or pronounced taste in the direction which his studies of later years assumed. As a physician he certainly possessed many natural traits which should have won for him a high place in the profession. It is possible that the reserve which has been noticed as a distinguishing feature in his college life, which did not disappear in after years, and of which he must have been conscious, may have seemed to him an obstacle to his success. Perhaps he felt that the broad field of nature, to which he was looking forward with ever-increasing interest, was his proper sphere. Certain it is that his charge had grown distasteful to him, and when, in 1831, the position of Librarian to the University was offered him, it was gladly accepted. Here, then, his life as a medical man ended, and his career as a naturalist in the broadest signification of the term, properly began. From this time forward his interests and efforts, interwoven as they were by force of circumstances, moved in three channels. As an officer of the college he was no less zealous and active in the discharge of his duties than keen and thorough in his researches in the natural sciences, or accurate and systematic in his antiquarian studies. Each shared his attention. To the first were given conscientiously and honestly the hours of daylight necessary to the performance of his official work; to the others he brought all the time that could be wrested from sleep and recreation. The library at that time numbered but thirty thousand volumes, and occupied Harvard Hall. In 1840 it was transferred to Gore Hall, then newly erected; and upon its arrangement and classification in the new quarters he bestowed the solicitude and care that were a part of his nature. At his death it had increased to sixty-five thousand volumes, for that day a most respectable collection, and one of the most important in the country. To the office of librarian Dr. Harris brought habits of precision and method, a disciplined and scholarly mind, and a wide range of general and scientific information. To those who visited the library for purposes of study and research he was always accessible, and his advice, suggestions, and assistance were freely given them. He was admirably adapted by taste and education for the position in which he now found himself. He possessed, in addition to his extensive knowledge of many branches of the natural sciences, a keen love for and appreciation of the fine arts, was an interested student in geography and history, a good

classical scholar, and a fair mathematician. It seems probable from his correspondence at that period of his life that for the first few years of his residence in Cambridge the duties of the office were not arduous, giving him larger opportunities for study and observation than he enjoyed later. How well he used these opportunities the result of his life's work makes apparent; but as the years went on, the growth of the library and its limited means for employing additional aid made greater and increasing demands upon his time and strength. That he recognized this fact, and deplored his inability to wander outside the strictly defined lines of his duty as librarian, is made evident by his published correspondence. It would appear that for the last years of his life he yielded to the inevitable, and became more and more absorbed in his official duties. At the expiration of twenty-five years of service, his work, by his death, passed into the hands of his successor, himself a member of this Society, and the associate and friend of Dr. Harris for fifteen years.

In historical and kindred matters Dr. Harris was a student rather than a writer. As happily expressed by Colonel Higginson, in his memoir published by the Boston Society of Natural History in 1869, "He had a genuine love of antiquarian research, though always kept under by the greater attraction of natural science." At one time he made a careful study of the early voyages of discovery and settlements upon the North American coast, but only detached notes on the subject are found among his papers. His knowledge of the history of the aborigines of the continent was extensive, and his interest in the subject never abated. As a genealogist he was a most cautious and thorough investigator, but unfortunately gave but little of his work to the public. With Savage he maintained a vigorous and voluminous correspondence, and the existing letters of the former, with their replies, form in themselves alone a most remarkable commentary on the industry and exhaustive research of both. He seemed to possess an instinct for unerringly tracing a genealogy, and the wandering individual who was encountered in his search was almost as surely and correctly assigned his proper place in the line of family descent, as was the wary insect allotted in his cabinet its true order and genus. An article published in the Boston "Courier" of July 29, 1847, on Stephen Daye, the Cambridge printer, is his earliest published historical paper that has been found, if we except the extended biographical notice of Dr. Amos Holbrook, written for the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal" of 1842. In 1848 he wrote

for the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" a paper on the Josselyn Family of Massachusetts, and left at his death an incomplete genealogy of the Hugh Mason family of Watertown. The manuscript of the latter has been copied and deposited in the library of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society.

He was made an honorary member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in 1846, and, as has been already stated, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1848.

But it was as a naturalist that Dr. Harris was best and most widely known. Into the pursuit of this science he flung himself with an ardor and zeal that lasted while strength and health were vouchsafed him. It is said of him that during his college life he was not noted for any special love for natural sciences, further than being a good scholar in chemistry and philosophy. But certainly as early as in 1820 he was closely studying the habits of certain insects and plants in connection with his medical pursuits, and it is not unlikely that his attention had been drawn in those directions at even an earlier date. It was in that year that his father published a work entitled the "Natural History of the Bible," which became a standard both here and in Europe, and in its preparation it is probable that the younger man aided the elder. A little later he was a member of the examining committee in chemistry for his *Alma Mater*, and after Professor Peck's death in 1822, he reviewed with his father the manuscripts left by that scientist with a view to their publication. As early as in 1820 he commenced the formation of his elaborate entomological collection, which is now the property of the Boston Society of Natural History, an organization in which he evinced a strong interest, and to which for many years he was attached as a member. During his residence in Milton, and before his assumption of the librarian's duties, he was an indefatigable collector, and it was during that period that his cabinet received its largest accessions. Botany possessed for him always a peculiar charm, but in the comparatively unexplored field of American entomology he felt that he was master, and devoted to the study the larger part of his leisure hours.

In 1831 he prepared the Catalogue of Insects embraced in Hitchcock's State Report, a work of much importance in its time, and which excited among scientific men no little interest. This catalogue was the first systematic attempt made in this country to enumerate and classify American insects, and

stood for many years as authority for the nomenclature of genera and species. The success that attended the result of this effort was very largely attributable to the author's familiarity with the works of Latreille, Olivier, and other entomologists of European reputation.

In 1837 he took charge of the department of Natural History in the university, the professorship of which was vacant, and performed the duties of the chair until the appointment of a permanent instructor five years afterward. In this connection it may not be improper to quote from Colonel Higginson's memoir the impression left upon his mind by Dr. Harris's instructions at that period. "In him there lived for us the very spirit of Linnæus, or whatever name best represents the simplest and purest type of the naturalist. . . . Dr. Harris was so simple and eager; his tall, spare form and thin face took on such a glow and brightness; he dwelt so lovingly on antennæ and tarsi, and handled his little insect martyrs so fondly, that it was enough to make one love this study for life beyond all branches of natural science." If this sketch of Dr. Harris as he stood in the lecture-room is truthful, it is equally so of him in his outings. Indelibly fixed upon the writer's memory are the recollections of the bright, sunny days spent with him in rambling over the beautiful country about Belmont and Waltham; of the sudden rushes after some flying Buprestis, or the wary chase of some shy Cynthian; of the bark-stripping in search of the Curculio larva, and the search in the meadow pools for the Dytiscus. And sometimes net would be dropped and a stone wall scaled that an old, mossy grave-stone in a forgotten burying-ground could be cleaned and its epitaph transcribed in the note-book. On such occasions every passing insect and every way-side plant furnished a text for such lessons as only he could give. And through it all, ran that thorough delight in the subject, and the tenderness, almost feminine, for everything that the Creator had made, that were so markedly a part of his being.

In 1837 he was appointed by the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts one of a Commission for a scientific survey of the State, and in this connection he prepared his "Report on Insects Injurious to Vegetation," which was published at the charge of the State in 1841, afterward in 1852 in a revised edition, and again in 1862 in an enlarged and illustrated form under the editorship of Mr. Charles L. Flint, the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. This work in its completeness is a fitting monument to the knowledge and industry of its author. As a popular treatise

on injurious insects it is without a rival, even after a lapse of forty years from its publication. In it the rare talent of the man for exact observation and lucidity of statement is as evident as his broad acquaintance with the subject. It became a text-book in the families of the more intelligent agriculturists of New England, and a ready helper to every student of entomology in the land.

Nor did his active work as an author rest here. The Boston Society's memoir furnishes a list of one hundred and four published papers from his pen, bearing upon the subject of entomology; and subsequent searches of Dr. Hagen, the learned entomologist of the Cambridge Museum, have materially swelled the list. In 1869 the same Society honored him with the publication, in a handsome octavo of over three hundred pages, of selections from his scientific correspondence under the careful editorship of Mr. Samuel H. Scudder. How well this work was done, and with what delicacy and rare judgment, must be apparent to every one who has read it, and who knew Dr. Harris.

In botany he was always an eager student. In 1840 he published a scientific list of native plants found in the vicinity of Boston. Late in his life he made a careful study of the cultivated squashes, and left in manuscript a carefully prepared though incomplete treatise on the subject, enriched with many original sketches. For several seasons his garden — next to his collection the delight of his life — was filled with squashes, pumpkins, and gourds of every conceivable shape, size, and color. Seeds came to him from all quarters of the globe, and their products formed a collection as unique as it was interesting.

Dr. Harris's collection of insects passed after his death into the hands and careful custody of the Boston Society of Natural History. In 1837 he himself wrote, "Should death surprise me before the results of my labors are before the public, I shall leave an exhaustive, well-arranged, and named collection which . . . will remain as a standard of comparison when I am gone." It was commenced in 1820, and until his death received constant accessions and his watchful care. It remained, as he said, "a standard of comparison."

As a naturalist Dr. Harris stood in the front rank. Agassiz said of him that "he had few equals even if the past were included in the comparison"; and one of the most distinguished of American botanists wrote of him, "Of other genuine naturalists I have read, but he is the only one I ever knew."

With but few exceptions the contemporaries of Dr. Harris in the natural sciences are now dead, and of the younger generation who have taken their places few knew him personally. Accompanying the Boston Society's memoir is a portrait engraved by Halpin, which, if not wholly satisfactory, is a fair likeness of him as he appeared at the age of fifty.\* In person he was tall, measuring full six feet in height, but his spare, thin frame gave him the appearance of even greater stature. He was rarely unwell, and his last sickness was the only occasion in many years when he was confined even to the house by illness. All his life he suffered to some extent with nervous headaches, probably the result of continued and close application to his studies with corresponding want of exercise and recreation. His powers for work seemed exhaustless. He apparently needed no rest. His life was one of untiring activity, and of constant occupation. No man ever knew better the value of time, or how best to economize it. All his efforts were directed to some well-defined purpose, and this was undoubtedly the reason that he was able to accomplish in his lifetime such an amount of varied and useful work. The reader of Colonel Higginson's memoir might draw the inference that to Dr. Harris, at least, his life was an unsatisfactory or unhappy one. Such was very far from being the fact. While not possessing a buoyant and ardent temperament, he was ever cheerful and composed. If in occasional private letters to those who were in close sympathy with him in his scientific pursuits he expressed grief and disappointment at his inability to devote his entire time to the studies that so largely engrossed his thoughts, he did not suffer that feeling to embitter his life or to cramp his energies for work. He was by nature a silent, reserved man, and, as he passed middle life, it is possible that he grew more absorbed in his own thoughts and less open to approach than in his younger days.

Allusion has been made in the early part of this memoir to the mother of Dr. Harris. She was a woman of great energy and firmness, and from her he inherited his force of character, with a certain degree of sternness which perhaps increased in his later years. There was a warm bond of sympathy between these two, so much alike. Their interviews in her old age (for she lived until the year 1852) were characterized by an old-fashioned tender courtesy rather than by an effusive dis-

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\* The plate of Halpin's portrait of Dr. Harris was destroyed in the Boston fire of November, 1872.



play of affection, which would have been foreign to the nature of each.

Of all men he was one of the most simple and unostentatious in his tastes, habits of life, dress, and manners. He had an intense hatred of all shams and deceit. In conversation he was simple and unaffected, simple in thought and expression, and thoroughly earnest and sincere in all his doings. For the science to which he devoted so large a portion of his thoughts he possessed an enthusiasm that seemed almost at variance with his nature. Nothing else could arouse it, if his love for natural scenery is excepted. In the fields or on the mountains he was like another man. He thoroughly enjoyed his brief vacations, in latter years spent mostly in the White Mountains. His delight in the contemplation of the beautiful and majestic scenery of that locality was ever as fresh and intense as at first.

To his fellow naturalists, and to the younger students in the sciences who sought his aid, he always threw open his resources to their fullest extent. His correspondence with the former, at home and abroad, covered the full period of his professional life; many of these were his friends of long standing, and with some — notably among them the eminent British entomologist, Edward Doubleday — he was on terms of peculiar intimacy. As Colonel Higginson so well says of him, "He would give whole golden days of his scanty summer vacations to arranging and labelling the collections of younger entomologists." After the publication of his "Treatise," and in fact until his life was ended, he was the recipient of constant calls and communications from agriculturists and others seeking information concerning habits of destructive insects and the proper remedies for their extinction; and many an old farmer who had travelled miles to bring him a newly discovered cabbage-pest, or a strange wheat-fly, was sent away from his house delighted with the story of insect life, and the practical hints that he received from the reserved but courteous gentleman who had welcomed him with the dignity and politeness of a by-gone age.

As a writer Dr. Harris possessed a peculiarly happy faculty. His chief work, although treating of a subject difficult to handle without the use of many technical and professional terms, is singularly simple and attractive in its style. He possessed also a rare accomplishment, that of easily and correctly delineating his subject with pencil and brush. Some of his insect sketches were finished with a skill and minute detail which would have done credit to a professional artist,

and all of them evince the possession of great natural gifts in that direction. For some of the fine arts he had decided tastes, and his architectural drawings made for his own pleasure, or for some immediate practical use, were as excellent in their way as his sketches from natural objects.

Dr. Harris died at his home in Cambridge on the morning of the 16th of January, 1856. After a long life of strength and health and usefulness it would seem to have been but fitting could he have folded his hands and enjoyed even for a brief while a rest so well earned. But when the end came it found him still "in the harness." His associate in the librarian's duties had just left his sick chamber, after an interview on business matters connected with the office, when he suddenly expired.

Dr. Harris received the degrees of A.B. and A.M. from Harvard College in course, and the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1820. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, and of the Boston Society of Natural History; a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; an honorary member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; and a corresponding member of the London Entomological Society.

[After the record of the April meeting was printed, Mr. George B. Chase received from our associate, Colonel Lyman, a statement, in form of a letter, in the handwriting of his father, Mayor Lyman, in reference to the libel suit instituted against him by Daniel Webster. This paper seems to the committee a valuable and interesting addition to Mr. Chase's contribution on that subject, printed above at pages 281-284, and they therefore here insert it. — EDS.]

“Putnam & Hunt, printers, published in a small pamphlet an account of a trial to which I was subjected for a libel. I have endeavored to find a copy of this pamphlet, but I have not succeeded. There was an account of the trial also published in a paper of the day called, I think, the ‘Massachusetts Journal’; at any rate a paper edited by David L. Child. The circumstances relating to this trial are these:—

“My father was a decided federalist, as well as his friends and acquaintance. I was brought up in that school. I adopted all the opinions that were entertained by that class of politicians of the act of desertion by John Quincy Adams of that party, as well as the manner of that act. When Mr. Adams was proposed in 1824-25 as a candidate for the office of President, I could not bring my mind to give him my vote, but supported William H. Crawford, of Georgia; though in this course I had little aid or countenance from other federalists of Massachusetts, many of whom, much to my surprise and disgust, voted for Mr. Adams, though Mr. Crawford was in all respects a suitable man for the office. In 1828, moved by the same general considerations, and also being led to believe that Andrew Jackson was an open-hearted and straightforward man, with liberal and enlarged views, I took an active part in promoting his election in opposition to Mr. Adams, who I again found to have the support in Massachusetts of many federalists, concerning whose conduct Mr. Adams had used very harsh language, in some cases charging them with acts bordering on treason. This course of these federalists greatly roused my indignation, for, if they did not approve of General Jackson, they were not obliged to vote for Mr. Adams. While in this state of mind and feeling, and zealously engaged in the election, a piece appeared in the ‘National Intelligencer’ of October, 1828, which appeared to have been authorized by Mr. Adams himself. On reading it I was exceedingly incensed, and hastily wrote a few lines in reference to it that were published in the ‘Jackson Republican’ of Oct. 29, 1828. The names of leading federalists were introduced, among others that of Daniel Webster. But no part of the piece is a libel, not even on Mr. Adams himself. Mr. Webster, however, considered it one. He employed a lawyer without delay to address a note to the publisher of the paper, to inquire who the author of the piece was. The name was given to him. Mr. Webster went immediately to the grand jury and caused me to be indicted for a libel. The trial took place; it was made a

party question. All Boston was most decidedly anti-Jackson. Still the jury did not agree, and after some time a *nolle prosequi* was entered by the other party, as appears by the letter of Mr. Dexter enclosed.

"It was a hasty, unjust, and unreasonable proceeding to consider the publication in the 'Jackson Republican' a libel. If it was one, most of the political newspapers in the United States contain libels every week during the period of animated elections. Second, if the Jackson cause had not been so very unpopular in Boston, it would never have occurred to any one that the publication was a libel, and no one would have incurred the odium of trying to make it so. Third, the course that Mr. Webster himself adopted was one that, in my opinion, could not be justified; at any rate, it would have been exceedingly weak and indiscreet in me to have submitted to it. At the time of the publication I was, and had been for months, on intimate terms in the way of society with him; saw him usually two or three times a week; belonged then, and had belonged for two or three years, to a dinner club with him that met every Saturday. He was well acquainted with my politics. As soon, then, as he was informed that I was the author of the publication, it was no more than I had a right to expect that an inquiry should be addressed to me, whether it was really my intention to write and publish a libel on him or not. Considering the nature of the piece and the relations of the parties, he had no right to presume any such thing. On the contrary, the presumption was that I had no such intention. But instead of taking this obvious, simple, and becoming course, he himself presented my name to the grand jury of the county without the slightest communication with me or any of my friends.

"It remains to add that, after a couple of years, our former intercourse and relations of society were restored, and in this way: Mr. Webster had in the mean time married a lady of New York, Miss Le Roy, a former acquaintance in that city of my wife. We were informed that if Mrs. Lyman thought proper to call on Mrs. Webster on her arrival from New York in Boston, the visit would be received with pleasure, and at a suitable time returned. This was done.

"THEODORE LYMAN."